

In Which Astra Isn't Cute

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Summary: Alex banishes Astra to the couch after an "incident" at the DEO, but her girlfriend has other ideas.

In Which Astra Isn't Cute

****AN: Not mine.****

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><p>"Astra, for the last time, you're still sleeping on the couch." Alex resolutely ignored her sulking girlfriend as she focused on slicing the vegetables for their dinner. "I'm not changing my mind."<p>

"I have expressed my regrets multiple times," Astra mumbled from her perch on the windowsill, where she was, according to herself, "most certainly not pouting". (She totally was.) "How was I supposed to know that the walls at the DEO were so fragile? You told me they were meant to withstand an assault from even one of my kind."

"I also told you to wait until we got home, but no, you just had to try and fuck me against a wall, which then fell down, andâ€" Alex's cheeks burned with embarrassment as she remembered the stares of the agents on the other side of the wall, among whom, to her deep mortification and regret, had been J'onn. The look on his face made her feel like burrowing into the floor and hiding. Astra, for her part, had been completely unapologetic, simply offering a lazy smirk before scooping Alex up and carrying her home.

"I will not apologize for needing you. Lately we have both been quite busy, and I have missed you." Astra uncurled herself and stood up. "I did not wish to wait."

"If you could have waited five more secondsâ€" Alex cut off with a

growl of annoyance, slamming the knife down on the cutting board and fixing Astra with a glare. "Do you even know the meaning of the word 'self-control'?"

Astra had the grace to look ashamed of herself as she approached the human woman. Alex opened her mouth to tell Astra to leave her alone, but then warm arms slipped around her waist as the taller brunette tucked her face into Alex's shoulder, dark curls tickling Alex's cheek. "Astra," Alex growled, although it lacked any real venom. She couldn't be mad when Astra was being so cuddly andâ€¦so fucking cute. Her hands came up to grip the Kryptonian's shoulders, but instead of pushing, she just rested them there. "Stop it."

"I am sorry, Alexandra." Astra's words were muffled against Alex's jacket. "I truly did not mean to cause you humiliation or distress. I simplyâ€¦" Her breath rushed out as she exhaled. "I wished to be close to you."

"You could have just asked me for a 'private discussion'. Hell, I would have been happy to head home a bit early; J'onn knows better than to ask questions." _That_ was going to be a fun conversation the following day, she thought sourly. At least Kara hadn't been around to witness it. Having that whole fiasco in front of her little sister would have been grounds for a legal name change and a move to the other side of the country. Alex played with the ends of Astra's hair, the hand still on her shoulder rubbing gently. "I do still have to work there, you know."

Astra said nothing, turning slightly so that her face was pushed into Alex's neck, and in spite of herself, the shorter woman smiled. "You're pretty cute, you know."

"I am not," Astra mumbled. "'Cute' is for baby animals. And my niece," she added after a moment, making Alex snort in agreement. "I amâ€¦well, according to several sources, quite intimidating."

"You used to be intimidating." Alex moves both her hands to Astra's back, trailing her palms up and down the smooth, muscular plane. "Now you're just cute."

Astra pulls back just enough to give her a petulant look, and Alex has to bite her tongue to keep from squealing. It should be illegal for Astra to be this adorable. "I am _not_ cute_."

"Sure you're not," she croons, pressing a kiss to the tip of Astra's nose and not even bothering to hide her smirk. Astra growls and kisses her soundly, which is definitely cheating, but Alex can't really find it in herself to care.

She just hopes they don't break anything this time.

End
file.